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## POEMS.

BY

### HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.



PHILADELPHIA:
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1880.

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HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.
1880.

A FEW OF THESE POEMS, belonging to an earlier period than the others, might perhaps with propriety have been styled TEN O'CLOCKS. The fact that some readers may recognize in them old acquaintances—I would fain believe old friends—will account for their appearance in the present volume.

н. в. в.



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#### URVASI.

"IS a story told by Kalidasa,
Hindoo poet—in melodious rhyme,
How, with train of maidens, young Urvasi
Came to keep great Indra's festal time.

'Twas her part in worshipful confession
Of the God-name on that sacred day,
Walking flower-crowned in the long procession,
"I love Puru-shotta-ma" to say.

Pure as snow on Himalayan ranges,

Heaven-descended, soon to Heaven withdrawn,
Fairer than the moon-flower of the Ganges,

Came Urvasi, Daughter of the Dawn.

But it happened that the timid maiden
Loved one Puru-avas—fateful name;
And her heart with its sweet secret laden,
Trembled when its time of utterance came.

"I love"—then she paused, and people wondered,
"I love"—she must guard her secret well!
Then from sweetest lips that ever blundered,
"I love Puru-avas," trembling fell.

Ah, what terror seized on poor Urvasi!

Misty grew the violets of her eyes,

And her form bent like a broken daisy,

While around her rose the mocking cries.

But great Indra said: "The maid shall marry Him whose image in her tender heart She so near to that of God doth carry, Scarce her lips can keep their names apart."

Call it never weakness or dissembling,
If in striving the High Name to reach,
Through our voices runs the tender trembling
Of an earthly name, too dear for speech.

Ever dwells the lesser in the greater;
In God's love, the human. We, by these,
Know he holds Love's simplest stammering sweeter
Than trained speech of wordy Pharisees.

#### MY MOUNTAIN.

Y mountain's base has goodly breadth of green; Laps of lush grass and lilied sacristies, Groves rapturous with music. Sharp from these Steep crags uprise and dizzy cliffs o'erlean, And pallid cataracts totter out between. Far up—its lofty summits loom, stark white; They know the storm-clouds, thunders, and great light. Midway—'tis belted by a broad plateau, My zone of calms. Short turf, few flowers, but fair, Are here; cold waters and swift wholesome air. Here in thin, grateful shade, I sit and dream, While tawny August tans the fields below. "How cold!" I say, "my mountain summits gleam." Almost I seem to touch their caps of snow. Then, smiling, mark far downward, 'neath my feet, The steel blue verges shimmering in the heat, And distant reapers resting by their wheat.

#### MY ISLAND.

Y feet have never trod thy flowery ways,
O my fair Island, situate in the sea,
Whose green curled tongues still lap thee back
from me,

Strive how I may. Yet oft in wintry days
I stretch my hands toward thee as toward a blaze
That warms and cheers. I know what beauty fills
Those groves of thine, what flash of crimson bills

Adrip with music; what sweet wind delays

Among the bashful lilies cloistered there.

In summer heats I watch, through dust and glare. The grey mists wrap thee, and across thy crest

The rainy grass blown slantwise toward the west,
While mutinous fountains shake their jeweled hair.

Sometimes I seek thee ill, (oh, deaf and blind!)

And cannot find thee, loveliest, anywhere;

Yet—whether by some vague, stirred pulse of air, Or fugitive sweet odor undefined—

Even then I know thee, O thou rare and fair, That thou dost lie between me and the wind!

#### MY RIVER.

ING out, laugh out, O River, glad and new. Sing out, ring out, the wooded gorges through: Sing, sing, and bring from meadows morning-sweet, The green of mosses on your twinkling feet. White gleam your dainty shallops in the sun, And deftly row the rowers, all as one. ——Sing louder, River, for the noon is high, And swiftly speed the freighted barges by, And deftly row the rowers as they sing, "That which we bear away we never bring." —O River, widening toward an unseen tide, Your slowing current seeks the yielding side, And heavily row the rowers as they feel The long waves lapsing underneath the keel. Sing low—sing low—O River, winding slow, The sea is near—the darkness falls—sing low!

#### MY LAKE.

Bowered deep in green of ancient solitudes;
No dust nor din of highway cometh nigh,
No reek of towns can pass these winnowing woods.
One stilly nook it has whose borders keep
Trace of a shape to human outline true;
As if some Queen of Naiads, fallen asleep,
Veiled her soft beauty 'neath the dimpling blue.
And see—upon the cove's remotest edge,
A single lily trembling in the sedge;
As if the gracious sleeper lightly slept,
And from beneath her garment's tremulous hem
One fair white instep in a dream had crept,
Lighting up all the dim place like a gem.

#### THE KING'S PICTURE.

"There is in every human being, the ignoble as well as the noble, some hint of the Highest; some one place where the veil is thin which hides the Divinity behind it."—Confucian Classics.

THE king from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Ilaff, the painter,
And spake to him thus, apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves;
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a man perfected—
Gracious, and wise, and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And a beauty like womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither when 1 retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with holy fire."

So the artist painted the picture—
It hung on the palace wall—
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately hall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him.
The brow was a priest's, who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eyes were a wandering minstrel's,
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips—half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Ah me! were the lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place.

But the smile that their curves transfigured,
(As a rose by its chrism of dew,)
Was the smile of the wife who loved him—
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

"Dost read, O king," said the artist,
"This truth which the picture tells?
How in every form of the human
Some hint of the Highest dwells?
How, scanning Humanity's temples
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses
The form of the God within?"

#### RUSE DE GUERRE.

A child with a hungry eye;

His feet are bare on the icy street,

But they must not come more nigh.

Cold drives the sleet,

But the beggar must not come nigh.

Go tell him of palaces rare, Mabel,
Where his weary limbs may repose,
Where the banquet halls are richer than mine,
And the couches of purple and rose.
So fine—so fine,
Purple, and amber, and rose.

Will he none of your counsel take, Mabel?

Then hearken to what I say;

For now by stratagem, foul or fair,

The beggar must go his way.

No sleep—no prayer,

Till the beggar is on his way!

Go empty the plates from the board, Mabel,
And scatter the viands about,
And the last red drop from the cordial cup
Drain out, good child, drain out.
For how can he sup
When viands and cordial are out?

Quench all the beautiful lamps, Mabel,
Break every harp-string sweet;
Heap ice on the fire till it floods the floor,
And drips at the beggar's feet;
Under the door,
Drips at the beggar's feet.

Is everything done as I bade, Mabel?

Then open the house door wide;

Oh, colder and darker than any street,

He never will come inside.

Poor feet—poor feet,

They never will come inside!

#### ONE WEEK AFTER.

I T was here you stood, and a week has gone;
There's a deeper tinge in the hyacinth's pink,
The grass is greener upon the lawn—
Your eyes are smiling; and yet I think—
O woman-heart—that they see but ill
The spot where my venturous hope was slain;
"Do I blame you, then?" Nay! I bless you still,
'Mid the pangs of loss, for the small, sweet gain.

I bless your hand for its gentle touch,
Your voice for its calm, low tones that day,
That kept me from feeling overmuch,
The sting of the words you had to say.
In your eyes there gathered a tender mist,
On your lips the pity was half divine;
Oh, never a beautiful hope was kissed
To its death, so sweetly as this of mine!

Blame? Nay; if a blossomless tree should mistake A flower, wind-brought from some garden afar, For its own white beauty, and grow for its sake, Proud and happy as crowned ones are—Could it chide the flower for its own fond cheat, When the alien withered and drooped and fell? So I bury my dead hope here at our feet, With only a blessing. Sweet heart—farewell!

#### TOO WISE FOR LOVE.

A BLUE-BIRD sang through glen and grove,
"The world has grown too wise for Love!"

Too wise for Love! O eyes of men,
Ye scarcely turn to look again,
Though tangled in the wayside press,
Float airy fantasies of dress,
And blonde hair's witching loveliness.
Vain all the shy, delaying arts;
Ye look straight on. O manly hearts,
Ye were not wont to beat so slow,
Where Beauty's footsteps come and go!
At some new altars do ye bow?
New Platos con with bloodless brow?
Or thin-lipped school-men, armed to try
The delicate chemics of a sigh,
And say what royal gases go
To dye blush-red a cheek of snow?

On summer shores, by sea-winds blown, The white-armed maidens walk alone; Long grasses choke your trysting grove; The world has grown too wise for Love!

II.

Too wise for Love! O woman-souls, O'er you the same chill current rolls; Your ancient landmarks, thrust aside, Drift headlong down the dizzy tide. Ah, ruthless Change! No longer waits The queen within her palace gates; With lips grown tired—too tired to kiss— Discoursing of what thing Love is, With hands that cling not any more, For grasping pen, and rein, and oar, Forth fares she on the common way. Ah! lingering Theban of our day, Promised, as erst of old, to him Who reads the Sphinx's riddle grim— Your rallying cry breaks out amain, And this the burden of your strain:—

"Oh, Love was sweet, but Love is past!

Not sweetest things may longest last;

Now Wisdom cometh from afar,

And blazing o'er her silver car,

Our Freedom shines—our morning star!"

And still, around, below, above,
The blue-bird sang: "Too wise for Love,
The world has grown too wise for Love!"

#### AT THE WOOD'S EDGE.

"Which shall it be-Love or Friendship?

"Whichever you will, my Lord."

-Old Play.

WO walked out of a wood by pleasant ways,
Wherein the very breath did stir delight.
There charméd trees that stirred not through the days
Shook delicate spray-drops off at touch of night,
That in the morn were blossoms to the sight,
And sprang in honeyed clusters 'neath their tread.
Never was any wood so filled with praise
Of air-born creatures, singing overhead.

Now at the very verge of this sweet maze

There grew a rose-tree, half in shade, half light;

And all its blooms that outward leaned, were white,

And all that drank the dusky shadows, red;

And as the twain passed out beneath its bower,

Each put forth careless hand and plucked a flower.

Then cheerily fared they onward, till one turned Upon their hands her timid eyes; Alas! In her's the rose was red; its gold heart burned Like a soft flame. Pure white the other was! Then crimson grew her forehead. "Nay," thought she, "Were they not gathered from the self-same tree? I will make haste to change." So swift she sped, No smallest flower had time to hide its head. Her lustrous eyes, dark with sweet wood-shadows, It seemed might change the hue of any rose Whereon they fell. Turning her face, she broke One milk-white blossom, sunlit, from its tree, Yet thrust the other, when no eye could see, Into her bosom. Resting 'neath an oak Her waymate soon she found, and gaily spoke. Nor any know that still, on ways made bright With wholesome sun, she holds close hid from sight, The faded red rose dearer than the white!

#### "CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY MEAT?"

SWEET Judean idyl, drifting down
The cobwebbed years, like breath of roses
blown

Through dim, sepulchral arches—we divine
The emblem of a food more rare and fine
Than serves the body's uses. Very oft
In the still hours I hear that utterance soft,
"Child, hast thou any meat?" "Nay, Master, nay,"
I answer; "thou dost know my need, alway."
Then where he bids, I seek; and soon, behold
Upon the shore I thought so bare and cold,
A little fire is lit, a feast is laid;
And of his gracious presence unafraid,
With thanks I sit me down, am warmed and fed,
And by his precious comfort, comforted.

#### THE WHOLE STORY.

The very words that were said:
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was baking some bread,
When Richard came into the pantry—
His face was exceedingly red.

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me the glimpse of a ring,
Well then—let me see—where was I?
Oh, the kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby;
The cunningest bunch of a thing!

Well—the biscuits were out in a minute;
And—what came next—let me see!
Oh, Fanny was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea;
And Grandma looked over her glasses,
So queer, at Richard and me!

But it wasn't till after milking

That he said what he had to say;

How was it? Oh, Fanny had taken

The baby, and gone away—

The funniest chub of a fellow—

He had a new tooth that day!

We were standing under a plum-tree,
And Richard said something low;
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle uncommonly slow.

And then—let me see—where was I?

Oh, the stars came out overhead,

And we two stood under the plum-tree

Till the chickens flew up to bed.

Well—he loves me, and we're to be married,

And so—that's about what was said!

#### IF I WERE A BREEZE.

If I were the morning breeze, love,
If I were the morning breeze—
I'd bring you the buoyance of all glad things,
A clamor of song, and a flutter of wings,
A waterfall's laugh from the hill side borne,
A laborer's whistle across the corn.
I'd clear your brow of its weary lines,
And freshen your blood with a breath of the pines,
And a waft from the far salt seas, love—
If I were the morning breeze, love,
If I were the morning breeze.

But if I were the evening breeze, love,

If I were the evening breeze—
I'd bring a little white moth to your bower,
And the drowsy breath of a lotus flower;
The stir of a bird in its nested sleep,
And of dews adrip in the grasses deep.
I'd bring you the sound of a muffled oar,
And the lipping of waves on a reedy shore,
Like soft good nights spoken low and lower;
And a word that is sweeter than these, love—
If I were the evening breeze, love,

If I were the evening breeze.

## IN HER SLEEP.

THERE was a captive girl who loved her king;
And—that she loved him truly—could not
brook

That he should hold her as a stained thing,

Fit only for the ribald jest and look;

So, closely kept one secret that might bring

Upon her life some sorrowful rebuke;

That she, erewhile, a dancing-girl had been,

Even though God's hand had kept her clear from sin.

One night the king sat with his merry men,
And called for wine and music after meat;
One touched the idle zithern, and again
One played a timbrel quickstep, oversweet.
None knew the lightsome measure once had been
The signal for young Irma's dancing feet;
But Irma through her slumbers heard the call,
And sleeping still, rose up and sought the hall.

Ah me! the scared moon shivered in her cloud,
And drew its fleecy folds before her face;
O'er their young buds the fair camellias bowed,
The guelder-roses wept her piteous case.
The little vagrant larkspurs in a crowd
Like frighted children, plucked her garment's lace.
"Turn back!" the myrtles sighed from their low tent,
As down the court-yard's moon-lit walk she went.

Clad only in the garment of her sleep,
With soft, bare feet, that scarce the silence brake,
Seemed flesh and sense in slumber drowned deep;
Only the long lithe hair did seem to wake,

And like some lovely quickened thing to keep
Alert and watchful for her beauty's sake,
And warily stirred through every lissome ring;—
Thus Irma came and bowed before the king.

Then fell strange silence on the lordly hall,
And low, with bated breath, the players played;
As swiftly down the dusky floor, the small
White-twinkling figure seemed to flash and fade.

The clock tolled midnight on the outer wall,

And still her sweet wild circles kept the maid.

Men stroked their beards and scanned the wonder well,

But were they witched or dreaming, could not tell.

At last one roysterer, with unsteady hand,
Grasped at the misty figure floating by;
Then fiercely fell the irate king's command:
"Who lays on her a finger's weight shall die!
Dastard or dotard! not to understand
The girl walks in her sleep. No king am I
If aught do harm her simple innocence.
Hush! let the music cease—she will go hence!"

Then downward stepped he from his royal dais,
And whispered in her ear; "The dance is done,
Sweet Lady of Deep Dreams, whose modest grace
Hath kingly grace and guerdon fairly won.
Betake thee safely to thy resting-place."
She bowed her forehead, white as any nun,
And with mute reverence, laid the finger tips
Of that protecting hand upon her lips.

Then, sleeping still, she passed to her safe rest,

Nor dreamed that night of any perilous thing;

Men deemed her of high Heaven supremely blessed,

And pure as daisy by its mountain spring.

'Tis an old story —let the end be guessed

That links her crowned future with the king.

Who seeks to know how fair a daisy grows,

Transplanted to the garden of the rose?

### LAST YEAR'S NESTS.

NE May morn, when the sun was bright,
And apple blooms of pink and white
Shook off the showers of yesternight,

I spied a farmer on his way
With sturdy team of roan and bay,
To where the half-plowed orchard lay.

I liked the old man's heartsome tone, And caring not to muse alone, Measured my pace with sturdy roan.

The reddening boughs drooped overhead, The moist earth mellowed 'neath our tread; We talked of beauty, and of bread.

He told me how young farmer Boone Would sow too late, and reap too soon, And in wrong quarters of the moon.

How fell the pear-tree's finest graft Before his knife, and milkmaids laughed At his odd feats in dairy craft,

And all because, in cities bred, His youth behind a counter sped, Where dust and ink had clogged his head!

Sudden the old man stepped aside; A bird's nest on the tree he spied, And flung it to the breezes wide.

"Where last year's nests, forlorn, I see, On flowering shrub or bearing tree, I fling them to the winds," said he:

"Eise insects there will shelter find, And caterpillars spin and wind, Marring the young fruit's tender rind."

Most simple words! yet none can tell How through my spirit's depths they fell, As iron weights sink in a well. And why, I cried, O human heart, When all thy singing ones depart, Learn'st thou so ill the yeoman's art?

Why seek, with spring's returning glow, The music, and the golden flow Of wings that vanished ere the snow?

Why long remembered, long deplored, The brooded Hopes that sang and soared, The Loves that such rare radiance poured?

Oh! memory-haunted and oppressed— Lorn heart! the peasant's toil is best; Down with thy last year's empty nest!

# "MY DOCTRINES MAKE NO WAY."

The master saith: "My doctrines make no way. I will get a raft and float about upon the sea."

—Confucian Classics.

VERMORE brave feet in all the ages

Climb the heights that hide the coming day;

Evermore they cry—these seers and sages,

From their cloud: "Our doctrines make no way."

"All too high we stand above the nations,
Shouting forth our trumpet-calls sublime;
Shouting downward our interpretations
Of the wondrous secrets, born of Time.

"From the mountain's misty top descending
To the level of life's human tide,
Help and cheer to all about us lending,
We will float upon its ocean wide."

Stay no longer on the heights, O Teacher!
Clouded with traditions manifold;
For the Man pleads better than the Preacher,—
Words without the breath are very cold.

### TWO PANSIES.

BESIDE the window, where I pass
The morning hours with work and pen,
Two little pansies in a glass,
Bring back the spring-time sweets again.

Last April, ere the buds were out
On southward-spreading boughs of trees,
Digging my tulip roots about,
I found two pansies, fair as these.

I plucked them, knowing, as I might,
Each bud in all those purpling rows
Would bring its fairy wealth to light,
'Spite lingering frosts and later snows.

And daily since, through cold and heat,

Through summer shine and autumn showers,

I've gathered pansies, fresh and sweet,

To cheer the early, toiling hours.

Now frost has spoiled the garden's grace, From black'ning vines no roses swing; These tender pansies in my vase Are all that mind me of the spring.

These are the last; ere they shall bloom
Again within my borders low,
A drearier winter day must come,
A wilder winter wind must blow.

And there was one who left my door
When pansies drank the dews of May;
How sadly, midst my floral store,
I missed her sweet eyes, day by day.

How slow the wintry hours must pass,

Ere on my path their light shall rise;

These tender pansies in my glass

Are all that mind me of her eyes.

This heart—that quiet joy shall fill

Those purpling rows once more to see—

With what rare rapture shall it thrill,

When those dear eyes shall rest on me.

#### NOON-OF-JUNE.

Sone who in some Palace of Fair Dreams,
Sees unamazed new marvels round him rise—
Gold pillars from gold floors, and crystal domes,
Their lucent white shot through with bloom of gems,
Beryl, and vivid amethyst, and pearls,
Yet feels the while, some under-gliding sense
Pierce all the moods of sleep: "I am at home;
This is my chamber, this my own safe bed—"
And finds that thought yet sweeter than his dream;

So I, oh friend! this drowsy noon-of-June,
Sitting with you in this dim, shadowed place,
Beside our lilied lake, (the half-read book
Blown shut upon your knee,) do lose myself
In grand imaginings of days to come;
Most gracious days when Earth shall stand clean-robed
And redolent of fresh, new atmospheres,
In the glad dawning of her golden age;
Yet all the while, I feel my gorgeous dream
Pricked through with sense of homely blessedness,
That here I sit in this dim, sheltered place,
Close by your side, and hold your faithful hand

#### THE ORIGIN OF DIMPLES.

Y mischief-loving cousin Bell,
Sit here and listen while I tell
(Awhile your saucy tongue to tame)
A pretty tale without a name,
Save this of—"How the Dimples came."

A merry girl—the story goes—
With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose,
One day on feet that lightly stept,
Behind her lover tiptoe crept,
And peeped, with many a bow and bend,
While he, all unsuspecting, penned
A timorous sonnet to the maid,
Which doubted, hoped, despaired, and prayed.
She peeped and read, too pleased by half;
And smiled and smiled, but durst not laugh;
And so a strange event befell,
It happened thus, as I shall tell:
The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt,
To let the smiling legions out,

Became a prison most secure,
And held the lovely rebels sure.
Weary at length of durance vile,
Impatient grew each captive smile;
Fain still some outlet new to seek,
They wreathed and coiled in either cheek,
Still at the ruby portals fast,
Vainly sought exit, and at last
Grown desperate—so the story closes—
Cleft a new passage through the roses!

Love's kiss half healed the tender harm,
And gave the wound its dearest charm;
Since, not unthankful, Beauty keeps
Her cheek less sacred than her lips;
And while they smile their prudent "No,"
So fair the deepening dimples show,
That Love, reminded of his claim,
May take the guerdon without blame.

And this is "How the Dimples Came."

# TROUBLE AT THE FARM-HOUSE.

- RIM the fire, little sister, turn the bannocks, cease your humming;
  - I must to the brook for cresses, through the burning noontide heat;
- Soon from out the yellow meadows will the harvesters be coming;
  - Ah! the jolly, jesting fellows—how they laugh, and how they eat!
  - Hasten, little idler, hasten, ere the reapers leave the wheat."
- "Nay, my sister, busy sister, ask me not to hunt the cresses,
  - Tend the bannocks, trim the fire—for my heart is sad to-day;
- Like a homesick, captive creature, when the chain its soul oppresses,
  - I am weary of this dreary prison-home and work alway.
  - Do not chide me, sister Annie, do not bid me longer stay.

- "I can hear a voice of calling from the merry, merry city;
  - Hear the silken stir of dancers, and sweet instruments in tune;
- And I hear a voice of music weave the tenderest love ditty,
  - With a timing in its rhyming like our little brook's in June;
  - Oh, the opulent city—lying like a jewel 'neath the moon!
- "So, my sister—careful sister—tend your bannocks, hunt your cresses,
  - Deck your hair for the coming of the harvesters, I pray;
- Wild flowers growing in the mowing well may suit your simple tresses;
  - Mine should pale in flash of diamonds, redden in the ruby's ray.
  - Do not chide me, sister Annie, for my heart is far away."

- "Nay, my sister—restless sister—this fair blossom of your dreaming
  - Holds but dust and bitter ashes, that shall strew your wildered way;
- Ah, the hollow, painted city! gorgeous in its serpent seeming,
  - It will crush you in its coiling, it will sting you where you stray.
  - Home is with the heart that loves you; leave me not alone, I pray!"
- "Hush, my sister—timid sister—I will have a noble lover;
  - He shall choose from many maidens, and be faithful to his choice.
- Which of all my peasant suitors ever sought to be a rover?
  - I will win him with my beauty, I will charm him with my voice;
  - He with priest and ring shall wed me, and be faithful to his choice.

- "So, my sister—doubting sister—tend your bannocks, hunt your cresses,
  - Feed the hungry harvesters, and marry whom you may;
- Spread the linen for the bleaching, fill the ancient oaken presses,
  - Delving in a weary treadmill, till your bonny hair is grey;
  - But the merry city calls me, and I must away, away!"
- "Nay, my sister—wayward sister—think not thus to leave me lonely;
  - Not for me be pleasant home-cares, love of husband, while you stray;
- We, of all our father's people lingering remnants—we two only!
  - Shall the serpent city part us? Nay, my little dreamer, nay!
  - Where thou wanderest I will follow; where thou bidest, I will stay!"

#### LITTLE DANDELION.

ITTLE Bud Dandelion
Hears from her nest:
"Merry-heart, Starry-eye,
Wake from your rest."
Wide ope the tinted lids,
Robin's above!
Wise little Dandelion
Smiles at his love.

Golden-haired Dandelion
For her sweet face,
Anywhere, everywhere,
Findeth a place.
High on the rocky ridge,
Low by the run,
Bright little Dandelion
Winks at the sun.

Brave little Dandelion! Falls the late snow,

Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Gay little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the morning dew
Out of her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Dead little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-Breeze
Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering,
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away!

## THE LOST IMAGE.

Asked leave to try her minstrelsy;
Small pain the discord was to me,
And still the children begged for more.

Some coins I gave for peace at last;
But, as she thrust them in her dress,
Striving to make its scantiness
Hold all her gathered treasures fast,

Some sudden terror o'er her crept;
Apart her ragged robe she tore,
Felt all its foldings o'er and o'er,
And still so bitterly she wept;

So oft her swarthy brow she crossed, So scanned the turf about her feet With "Misereres" mournful-sweet, That from her bosom she had lost Some precious thing I gathered well;
But speech so strangely did she mix,
That if it were a crucifix,
Or book, or beads, I could not tell.

She went away disconsolate,

Searching her tattered tunic o'er,

Wailing and moaning, more and more,

And looking backward from the gate.

Next morning—'midst the lilac slips,

The children found, and brought in haste,
An image, rude and time-defaced,

Yet with strange sweetness on the lips.

So then, those wretched rags, we knew Had held our faith's sublimest sign; As glimpses of the One Divine Oft peep some moral ruin through.

So, when for meaner gains, we lose
That faithful presence in our breast,
Vain words of moaning and unrest
Are all the cheated soul can use.

#### IN WINTER TIME.

A WEEK of sun, a week of shower
On February's front of gloom,
And lo! within my garden bower
A flowering-almond burst to bloom.

How softly burned its tender cheek
Against the woodbine's wrinkled bark;
How fearless bowed in slumbers meek,
When fell, with gusts, the early dark.

Sweet riddle—that we could not guess!

But watched till past its fleeting prime;

And still the fairy flower we bless

That blossomed in the winter-time.

Yet sweeter miracles have been—
When hearts, long bound in icy chain,
Felt sudden sunlight bursting in,
And warmth new-poured in every vein.

Fresh hopes may leap to life, and speak
In eyes that long had known eclipse,
Illume like dawn the sunken cheek,
And thread their smiles on withered lips.

O mystery of Love most rare!

To change Life's seasons all to spring;

And under snows that fleck the hair,

Bid roses smile and robins sing!

# SO MANY TIMES.

O-DAY, beloved, if one should say to me,
"Some great, new joy awaits thy friend and
thee,"

Perchance I should turn wearily, and say,
"Nay; let to-morrow be as yesterday."

So many times have we two feared to touch
The summer's largesse, purpling o'er the lands,
Lest our pale blood be colored overmuch;
So many times sat still with heavy hands,
Watching the mellow vintage go to waste,
And we too tired, dear heart, too tired to taste.

'Twill not be thus, O friend, 'twill not be thus
In distant summers, ripening slow for us;
When we shall walk beside the fruited vines
Full-handed, and press out the cordial wines.
Nor drop the cup from hands too weak to hold,

Nor fear to taste, nor tasting, fear to stop;
"O cup so new," our lips shall cry, "yet old;
O cup so sweet, and yet no cloying drop!
O cup so full, and yet no overflow—
How could we know, dear heart, how could we know!"

# SHE KISSED A ROSE.

SHE kissed a rose, and said
With lips that caught no red:

If I could once more look
O'er the pages of a book
That was opened long ago to my love and me,
That we pondered o'er together happily—
And if I could find the place
Where a rose-leaf left its trace,
Ah, how comforted and blessed I would be!

For my love that morning said—
As a tiny leaf he spread
O'er a sweet word we had read—
If I called him by that name, over sea or land,
Or through any after-world, or through voids unplanned,
Called him by that one sweet word,

(Not a human ear o'erheard),
He would hear and come, and take me by the hand.

Then my fields were summer sweet; All their level breadths of wheat

Edged with daisies. Could I know of the coming blight

When I thrust the book aside? Now my lips, grown white,

Vainly seek to shape the word (By man nor angel overheard);

And the autumn cometh and the wintry night!

# A PRESENT HEAVEN.

In years long past I said: "If God shall grant Me certain blessings—grant me long to live, And strength sufficient for life's utmost want, If He some store of earthly treasure give, Much joy shall surely through these channels flow; If God shall bless me so.

"Friends and fair honors—if He grant me these,
If love, home, children, to my lot be cast,
And, crowning all with atmosphere of ease,
The hope of Heaven when earthly things are past;
Sure life," I said, "like some glad tune shall go,
If God shall bless me so."

But now I say: "If God shall grant me Heaven Here, and hereafter." If I may but come Into His likeness, who all things hath given, I shall have Heaven for aye in that vast sum; Then, whatsoe'er betide, me, I shall know That God doth bless me so!

## WHITE AND RED.

THE grain grows close to my window,
The rose tree bends down from above;
One bears the white flower of my duty,
And the other is crimson with love.

I will labor all day in my grain-field;In the glaring and dissonant noonI will look for no tempting tree-shadow,I will list for no rivulet's tune.

How my sickles shall shine at the harvest!

I will gather and garner in store,

For the winter that cometh so early,

The winter that starveth the poor.

But oh! when each work-day is ended,
How blessed the rest I shall know;
How the roses will turn to caress me,
How the briers will wound if I go!

I shall know, if they shiver and tremble,
They longed for my coming too soon;
For my pretty ones cannot dissemble—
And a cloud had come over the moon.

Lean in, tasseled grain, at my window;
Bend downward, sweet rose, from above;
Clothe my life with the whiteness of Duty,
And crown it with crimson of Love.

#### AN EASTERN TALE.

HREE times our earth has been in deadly strait;
Plucked swooning from the verge of awful
doom!

'Twas told us at Damascus.—— "All men know The great, just mandate of the Lord of Life, That if there come a moment when no voice In all the idolatrous, forgetful earth Speaks the dread name of Allah,—swift shall fall Chaos and black destruction everywhere.

"Once in the earlier ages came a time,
A summer noon, when all the lands lay still,
Drunk with hot suns and palpitant sweet airs
That wandered wanton from the Land of Gul.
Through length and breadth of habitable space
Not one soul called on God. Dark grew the sun
Behind the wrinkling skies, when lo! it chanced
An outcast woman, idiot, leprous, vile,
Lay dying by the city's outer gate.

Fevered, she dreamed of waters walled and cool,
And beings plashing in them with white feet,
Who called to her: 'Come wash, be whole, and live!'
Such gladness overcame the sleeping wretch,
Some memory, sealed up in brighter days,
Burst its hard cerement within her brain,
And from the unclean portals of her lips
Leaped forth the one all-hallowed, saving name!
So, as she died, the hovering doom passed on.

A thousand years thereafter, lowered again
The threatening besom. Then a three-months babe
Swinging cool-hammocked 'neath an almond tree,
Woke from its slumbers, saw its mother's face,
Struck out its happy feet and curved its neck,
While 'Alla-lallah' gurgled from its lips
Betwixt the hindering kisses. Once more Fate
Was cheated of her errand.

Yet again!

And now more near and dreadful seemed the end;
For terrible agues shook the sickened earth,
And from the loftiest tree-tops jarred the fruit.
Dumb with great fear were tongues of men—when lo!

A hungry parrot chattering on her perch, For joy to see the ripe dates rattling down, Shrieked 'Praised be Allah!' in the nick of time."

Thus runs the Moslem legend; ending which,
Our guide brought fruit to wash our wonder down.
Then spoke our merry traveler—bleeding out
A red pomegranate's heart upon his lips:—
"Sure, we may rest in safety, unalarmed;
The crack of doom will sound not in our time,
Since babes and dreaming idiots everywhere
Are on the increase; parrots too, we know,
Praise well in Christian as in Moslem tongue!"

Answered him thus our gentlest spirit: "Nay,
This curious tale has sweetness at its core.
What could they speak but God?—the All-in-all!
What if they babbled vainly, knowing Him not?
Do we, then, know so much? Ah! were it true—
This story of the mandate—I believe
The very daisies, parting their white lips
To greet the blessed dew at eventide,
Do speak enough of Allah to make safe
The golden chain that holds the farthest star."

# HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

How the little child-angel, May,
By the side of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden
(Keeper of key and bar),—
"O angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar.
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely—she cannot see
One glimmer of light in the darkness,
Where the gates closed after me.
One gleam of the golden splendor,
O warden! would shine so far;"
But the warden answered: "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low as he answered: "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up arose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.
In the little child-angel's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And this key, forever and ever,
To my blessed Son shall be given;"
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—
Tenderest heart in Heaven.

Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar.

Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates forever ajar!

## THE BETTER SERVICE.

FREIGHTED a little boat
With the loveliest flowers that blow—
Pinks from the edge of my garden walk,
Fair queen-lilies, seven to the stalk,
White and round as a lady's throat;

Roses, reddest that grow.

Drenched to the heart with sweet sun-wines
There were purple pansies and columbines;
Pied petunias, and gadding peas
Lost in a tangle of twisted stems;
There were balsams fretted with feet of bees,
And fox-gloves, yellow, with crimson hems.
There were handfuls of myrtle and pearl-blue phlox,
Heliotrope and four-o'clocks.

Over all, for a veil, I cast
White clematis, as soft as wool;
It filled like a sail when the breeze was full;
A lavender bloom with its sweetness past,
A bunch of kissed violets—they were the last!

I launched my little boat
On the saddest river I know;
With careful hands I set it afloat,
And bade it speed to the place of graves,
That is washed all day by the indolent waves,

Many a league below.

I deemed it would strike on the shallow bar
Of the little nook where the willows are,
And fling its treasure on one low mound
That is only with long, straight grasses crowned;
Where never a wilding blossom is found,
Never a daisy, as springs go round.
O long, prone grass with your fibres fine,
Bleaching yellow in storm and shine,
You never can rival the grace and glow
Of beautiful tresses that bleach below!

But a storm was loosed in Heaven;
The thunders came out apace,
And the wide-mouthed winds gave chase;
In their jaws my boat was driven
Wide of its destined place

Wide of its destined place.

They bore my boat to a desclate land,

They tossed my flowers on a barren strand,
Where huts of dwellers were far and few,
Where rank salt-fennel and bitterweed grew.
But cottage windows are shining in view,
And feet of children come pattering out,
Plashing the rainy pools about.
They gaze at the flowers, the rock, the skies;
"'Twas the thunder!" they say, with satisfied eyes;
"It shook so hard up there in the blue,
Whole beds of flowers came tumbling through."

Did I mourn for my boat that sailed

No more to the beckoning West?

For Love's fond mission that failed?

For the flowers I had thought so blest

To die where the long grass veiled

The place of my darling's rest?

No, at evening time it was light!

I said to my heart: "Let us see

How God is wiser than we,

And guideth the storms aright

On the rivers that roll to His sea."

For the cottager kissed his wife that night,

For the fresh moss-rose in her hair,
And the smile that she used to wear;
And the babes were given a lily to keep
Each in its bosom, awake or asleep;
And the praises their sweet lips said,
Were better than flowers for my dead!

### DRAFTED.

- HO'S drafted? Not Harry! my son! Why man, 'tis a boy at his books;
- No taller, I think, than your Annie; as delicate, too, in his looks.
- Why, it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in my kitchen, at tasks;
- He drafted! Great God—can it be that our President knows what he asks?
- He never could wrestle—this boy—though in spirit, as bold as the best;
- Narrow-chested a little, you notice, like him who has long been at rest.
- Too slender for over-much study; why, his master has made him to-day
- Go out with his ball on the common,—and you've drafted a child at his play!
- Not a patriot? Fie! did I whimper when Robert stood up with his gun,
- And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening we heard of Bull Run?

- Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his eyes to the wall,
- "There's a staff growing up for your age, mother," said Robert, "if I should fall."
- Eighteen? Oh, I know; and yet narrowly,—just a weebabe on the day
- When his father got up from a sick bed, and cast his last ballot for Clay;
- Proud of his boy and his ticket! Said he: "A new morsel of fame
- We'll lay on our candidate's altar," and christened the child with his name.
- Oh, what have I done, a weak woman, in what have I meddled with harm,
- Troubling only my God for the sunshine and rain on my rough little farm,
- That my ploughshares are beaten to swords, and whetted before my eyes?
- That my tears must cleanse a foul nation, my lamb be a sacrifice?
- Oh, 'tis true there's a country to save, man, and 'tis true there is no appeal;

- But did God see my boy's name lying the uppermost one in the wheel?
- Five stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot upon one!
- Are these things Fortune's caprices, or is it God's will that is done?
- Are the others too precious for resting where Robert is taking his rest?
- With the pictured face of your Annie lying over the rent in his breast;
- Too tender for parting with sweethearts, too fair to be crippled and scarred?
- My boy! thank God for these tears; I was growing so bitter and hard!
- Let us sit by the firelight, Harry; let us talk in the firelight's shine
- Of something that's nobler than living, of a Love that is higher than mine,
- That shall go with my soldier to battle, shall stand with my picket on guard;—
- My boy! thank God for these tears; I was growing so bitter and hard!

### ON THE MOUNTAIN.

From the Italian.

Hide my devious way!

Peasants, crossing yonder meadows,

Upward look, and say:

Is it phantom form, or human,

Or a vapor blown?

Is it ghost or ghostly woman

On the heights alone?

Haste to meet me, O my lover,

Lest I grow afraid
Of these grim rocks frowning over,

And this creeping shade.
In the valley, growing dimmer;

See how you red light
Through the olive leaves a-shimmer,

Stabs the helpless night.

'Tis the little chapel lighted, Where my heart I sold, Where the hateful vow I plighted,
Bartering love for gold.
Not once did my false lips falter,
Till the vow was said;
Yet—I died at yonder altar!
Can it bind the dead?

O my lover, come anear me
In this silence deep;
Even the nodding myrtles hear me
Through soft hoods of sleep.
Hooded shadows climb and cover,
Noiseless, all the hill;
Fold me in your arms, O lover,
While the world is still.

Hush! I sleep. My forehead downward
In cold dews I lay;
Gaping peasants, hurrying townward
With the dawn, shall say:
"'Tis no ghost or ghostly woman
On the mountain prone;
Neither spectral shape nor human;
'Tis a marble stone!"

### JEALOUSY.

HAVE broken the king's law
To save the king's son;
Am I culprit or heroine?
Or both in one?

He was lying at death's door,
And, pale with dread,
King, queen, and courtiers, all
In terror fled.

His young wife, in her chamber, Cowered wild with fear; He was lying at death's door, And no friend near.

In the darkness I stole forth;

('Twas death to go,
But none else could save him)—
To the king's foe.

From the camp of the enemy
I brought the leech;
I bribed the sentinel
With silver speech.

I have broken the king's law,
But saved the king's son;
Must I die as a felon dies,
For the wrong done?

Or sit at the banquet's head,
With flowers and wine,
While the sweet-voiced singers praise
That deed of mine?

If but one voice accuse me,

No power can save;

I must sink to a traitor's doom,

A felon's grave!

King, queen, and judges, all
Would set me free;
The young prince with his pale lips
Did plead for me.

Yet I die at set of sun,
A death of shame;
I—the queen's tiring-maid,
Of spetless fame.

Who is mine enemy?
Who seeks my life?
Who speaks the fatal word?
The young prince's wife!

## BEFORE VACATION.

I AM coming, mother Nature;
I, thy hungry, homesick creature!
In thy loneliest coverts hide me;
Heal me, soothe me, rouse me, chide me;
With thy crooning murmurs still me,
With thy awsome voices thrill me;
Of thy breast-milk, mother Nature,
Feed me full, thy hungry creature!

Keep your coolness, moist green places, Hoard your heats, O sandy spaces!
Mountains, bare your quivering verges, Lash your rocks, ye pitiless surges!
Cull me out no careful measure,
Pains of thine have taste of pleasure;
Fill me brimming cups, O Nature,
Feed me full, thy hungry creature.

Couch me soft in ferny closes,

Sweet with grape-flowers and wild roses;

Spread for me thy ample faring,

Corn, and milk, and fruits unsparing;

Sweetest honey, sharpest cherries,

Spiciest gums and bitterest berries!

Fill me brimming cups, O Nature,

Feed me full, thy hungry creature!

### IN THE FISHER'S HUT.

S TORM blowing wild without, waves at fearful height,

Three little frightened ones keeping watch and light; Ill fare the fishermen out of port to-night!

Winsome maid is Blonde-hair, scarcely turned eleven,

Sturdy boy is Brown-hair, lacks a month of seven; Baby girl is Gold-hair, one year out of Heaven.

Fast drives the little boat; there are rocks ahead—How beats the father's heart in that hour of dread! "Christ, they are motherless!" were the words he said.

"Christ—they are motherless!" Did an angel bear Heavenward that anguished cry?—yet a little prayer, "Please God, keep father safe," was before it there. Anxious maiden Blonde-hair heaps the driftwood higher,

Fearful heart has Brown-hair, holding closely by her;

Sleepy baby Gold-hair, winking at the fire.

O ruddy cottage light, pierce the blinding storm, Wreathe round the headlands dim, like a rosy form; Hands make a gallant fight when the heart is warm.

Crash! parts the little boat amidst breakers white! Strike bravely, fisherman! for the home in sight. Love nerves the father's arm—love will win to-night.

Happy eyes has Blonde-hair, pouring father's tea, Noisy tongue has Brown-hair, nestling on his knee; "Goo," says baby Gold-hair, waking up to see!

### WHO TAKES THE LILY?

Out of the gardens of Paradise stole
At morning's dawn a messenger soul.

Bearing a lily and robed in white, Forth she went in the broadening light.

"Give the lily," thus spake the King,
"To the soul you shall find in your wandering,
That to-day shall make choice of the noblest thing."

Down the street on its toiling side, Went the white-winged soul with the surging tide.

A strong man girt for a noble race Turned back to delve in a straitened place, For the shade that gloomed on an aged face.

A fireman chose, at an infant's scream, To turn his feet on a burning beam, And plunge anew in the deathful stream. A woman barred, with fingers thin, Her hovel's door to a gilded sin, While the wolves of Penury howled within.

(And the pitying soul, as she onward pressed, Felt the lily stirring upon her breast.) .

Down the street on its gala side She moved abreast with the moving tide.

A statesman, weighing a white-kept name 'Gainst a sullied thing that was miscalled fame, Gave up for honor the costly claim.

A priest chose rather the bitter bread Of a church's ban—for a free word said— Than to mutter a mocking prayer full fed.

A girl shook orange-wreaths from her hair With the sordid hand that would bind them there, To eat Love's crust on a garret stair.

A rich man lay in a lofty room,

Soft eyes watched through the curtained gloom,

Tuberose and jasmine shed perfume.

Azrael entered; no mortal might hear Or see, save him with the failing ear. "Choose life or death!" came the mandate clear.

The dim eyes wavered,—"Oh, earth is fair! And my life's mid-day hath a promise rare; But beyond is no shadow of sin or care;

"Beyond, the peace like a river poured, And angel anthems in sweet accord, And joy in the presence of the Lord.

"Come, Death!" Then the winged soul turned to lay The King's fair lily upon the clay;
But the angel beckoned her, "Come away!"

From a low-roofed cot came a woman's moan, Poor and widowed, and sick and lone.

"Choose," said the angel, bending low,
But the pained lips murmured: "Nay, is it so?
O Death! kind Death! must I bid thee go?

"How can I ask for the precious rest Of Christ, with his weary ones on my breast? "There are orphaned souls that I seek to win, Frail, tempted ones, from the paths of sin!

"There are outcast feet that the street must shun, No roof save mine 'neath the pitiless sun; Go by, sweet Death, till my work is done."

Then the messenger soul to Paradise sped—
"Give two lilies, O King," she said,
"One for the living, one for the dead!"

But the King made answer, "He chooseth best Who chooseth labor instead of rest,"
And the lily lies on the living breast.

## FOUND IN AN URN.

OD gave me many a goodly gift;

A sense to feel, an eye to know
All forms of beauty, that uplift
The soul from things below.

He gave me ready brain to plan;
Hands apt enough its will to do;
A heart of reverent faith in man;
Kindred and way-mates true,

Whose voices cheered the darksome days;
A love, too soon recalled; the care
Of little feet, whose wandering ways
Kept mine from many a snare.

Yet, 'midst these blessings lent and given,
Of those who could be friends to me
(As angels breathe the word in heaven),
He gave me two or three!

No more! Ah! I could never learn To draw life's precious nectar up From every wilding wayside fern, And honeysuckle cup.

Not but I blessed them, bade them bless;
But if to me they seldom brought
The vital balm of perfectness,
The sustenance I sought;

If oft I pined for that which seemed
Free as the air to all beside,
And held for fate what others deemed
Indifference, or pride;

What marvel that when thirsty-lipped,
I came where royal roses grew,
I claimed them for my own, and sipped
Their winy sweets like dew?

It was my right; for life, for growth
In all life's truest, most divine;
The need was on me. Choice?—God knoweth
If other choice were mine.

And yet in grasping all, I erred;

Not all were germs of God-like birth;
In some, the heavenly ichor stirred;
In some, mere sap of earth.

How soon these languished on the stem,
Your thought must needs respond (for I
Speak harshlier of the dead than them);
And thus have answered why

I cannot bend me at your pride,

More than you shrink beneath my scorn;

What care we that our rose that died

Had e'er so sharp a thorn?

Died? Nay, not as the world calls dead;

How many a common flower has bloomed
In trimmed and cultured garden bed,

Tintless and unperfumed.

And thus my rose of friendship lives,
And buds and blooms its wasting hour;
And common boon of smiling gives
To common sun and shower.

Pleasant,—yet not a thing to choose,
As ere the unkindly beak of Doubt
Let the sweet odor-spirit loose,
And bled the color out.

"A doleful tale brought to a sudden end; We'll trust the writer found at last a friend; What!—weeping, dear? The mission of an urn Is to hold ashes!

Let the paper burn!"

# QUEEN SUMMER'S HERALD.

I wonder if I'm too early?

I can see red tints and yellow,
In place of the pink and pearly.

Will the buttercups bear me over,
Or shall I wait for the clover?

Here's a bee in his holiday trappings;
You've taken my breath, bold fellow!
If the rose isn't out of her wrappings,
And the strawberries turning mellow,
My lady will certainly cry
That the world is going awry!

Spring, are you clearing your coasts?

There's a dogwood turning grey!

The mandrakes stand like posts,

With their green roofs withered away

But the dandelion hosts

Must have sped in a single day;

For where their encampments lay,

I meet their little white ghosts
At every step of the way.

Ho! blue-jays, you screech like Comanches!

Ho! robins and pee-wees, let pass!

Are the nests all safe in the branches?

The little nests snug in the grass?

Shall I know the old homes from the new ones

By the pretty brown eggs and the blue ones,

All daintily mottled and pearled?

Or by tiny mouths stretched, like a sack

With a binding of yellow and black,

Wide open to swallow the world?

Little brooks, you may babble and blink,
But the ponds must fill to the brink;
And wherever my lady sips,
There are prints of her feet in the sedges;
So, pitcher-plant, burnish your edges,
And wait for her beautiful lips.

Queen Summer is crossing the porder!

If the sentinel grass is asleep,

And the humming-bird failing to keep

His tryst in the flowering lime,

If the four-o'clocks strike out of order,

And the blue-bells ring out of time;

If there's missing in place of minding,

And seeking without the finding,

My lady will certainly cry

That the thread of the world is unwinding,

And the universe going awry.

### ROSE OF CHEVASSE.

I cannot make her dead;

Though I sat all night by her bed-side,

Till the morning sky was red;

And never a word she gave me,

All night as I sat by her bed.

Her heart was cold at the cock-crow,
O my little white Rose no more!
But the lips were redder and warmer
Than they had been hours before.
Had the fire, clean dropped from the altar,
Just crept to the temple door?

Or were they keeping a secret

Warm for my car alone?

Did the sweet lips burn to tell me

Something I had not known?

Then why did you lie so silent,

O Love! while my heart made moan?

#### REMEMBRANCE.

F I had known, O friend, beloved and lost,

s. d. H.

That summer was to be thy last of earth, That gay centennial summer, with its mirth Of gathered thousands; known the bitter cost That was to leave my life so sadly reft— O, loyal-hearted! would I not have left The quaint bazaars, the bannered aisles, the snow Of marbled nooks, the galleries' pictured glow, To seek thy side, to walk and talk with thee, Who wert mine Orient and mine Italy? To watch from Belmont's shady solitude, The sunset's rival banners o'er the wood Light up and fade? O friend! how can I know The country where thou bidest? From it came No flag to deck our glittering dome; no name Of grave ambassador; nor handicraft Of cunning workman. What strange wind did waft The sail that bore thee to that unknown strand?

What stars lit up the way?—Where lies the Land?

### COUNTERPARTS.

The secret of the counterparts of things,—
How, bodiless yet visible, they hover
On the dim shore where Form from Essence springs;
(Like some mirage, more beautiful than clings
'Twixt earth and heaven;) if one should find the river,
The viny hillside, and the orchard fair,
The girdling wood, and over all, a-quiver,
The voiceful blue and glory of the air,
Just as we found them on that May-morn rare;

Would all be phantoms? Would a breath undo them? Would the dove sing, or one but dream he sang? Would grasses show where west winds softly blew them?

Would there be fragrance where our violets sprang?
Would the leaves fall, or tranced in mid-air hang?
What if that were the waking—this the dreaming;
(Dear,dreams! too dear to fade from eye and heart;)
The lovelier substance of this lovely seeming;
The golden Real—that by some subtle art
Prints its sweet semblance here, in counterpart!

#### TRANSFORMATION.

HIS pretty tale they tell at Fontenay:

How once Saint Christopher, of blessed fame,
Passed near a town whence many children came
Bringing rare flowers to strew upon his way.

Amongst them was a little maid, so poor
She brought no offering save a simple store
Of cowslips, gathered for the evening meal;
But these she proffered with such gentle zeal—
The while her face its hungry pailor wore—

The while her face its hungry pallor wore—
That the Saint, stooping, blessed her. Giving back
The basket to her hand, he said: "No lack

Of food, my child, shall vex thee any more. Upon these yellow disks a spell is laid; Go, boil them as thy wont is, unafraid." This did the child, and soon within the pan A tiny tinkling, as of coins, began; And lo, poured out upon the burdened tray, For each poor flower a golden ducat lay!

### MY LITTLE SAINT.

(Sorrento)

WINDOW where I sat, one clouded morn, Grew suddenly bright as if it faced the east, And some new glory in the sky were born; I looked to see a marvel—at the least. Some gorgeous pageant on the public way, Of chariots, haply, wending from a feast Belated, in the early dawning. Nay: Two children, babes in years, yet looking old, Pallid and hunger-sick, stood on the cold Blue flagging, scarcely bluer than their feet; Each held her little basket up, and each Cried "Wintergreens, just gathered, fresh and sweet!" But one drew near with softly hesitant speech, Thrust back her poor starved hair, and whispered "Buy Of Lucia, please—she's hungrier than I." And as she turned, I saw—my riddle read— A golden halo round her innocent head.

### TOO FINE FOR MORTAL EAR.

Are sweeter," sang a gentle poet, well;
And somewhere in Arabia lives a bird
Whose little throat seems evermore to swell
With music, while the tender, golden tongue
Throbs in the parted beak as if she sung;
Yet ne'er by sound the brooding air is stirred
Save when on almond trees she folds her wings;
Yet men do follow her, and cry "She sings!
Yea alway sings had we but ears to hear,"
And when across the vacant morning clear
Her rare and rapturous melody she flings,
"Ah God!" they cry, low listening 'neath her tree,
"How ravishing sweet the unheard notes must be!"

### BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

#### BY W. M. CARLETON.

RAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,

For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsey and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man and wife,

Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell! Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well; I have no other woman --she has no other man; Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me; And we've agreed together, that we can never agree; Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime; We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start; Although we ne'er suspected, 'twould take us two apart; I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone, And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed, Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed; We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at

And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow; She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?

I held my opinion, and Betsey another had; And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad. And the next that I remember, it started in a joke; But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spake. And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl; And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way; Always somethin' to arg'e and something sharp to say,—— And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong, And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—

When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why then I wont at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;

And we have agreed together that we can never agree; And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;

And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph— Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half; For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day, And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,

But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home. And I have always determined, and never failed to say, That Betsey never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawing tol'rable

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at; Put in another clause there, and give her all of that. I see that you are smiling, sir, at my giving her so much; Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such; True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young, And Betsey was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps, For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps; And all of 'em were flustered, and fairly taken down, And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I wont forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me, when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean, Her house and kitchen were tidy as any I ever seen; And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts, Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night, And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right; And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur

That when I'm dead at last she will bring me back to her, And lay me under the maple we planted years ago, When she and I were happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me; And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree; And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

## BETSEY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

Sequel to Carleton's "Betsey and I Are Out."

I'VE brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson herc,

To see that things are regular, settled up square and clear.

For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has talked with me,

And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business; only a word to say; Caleb was fixin' the bee-hives, and couldn't come to-day.

Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;

So tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now, if parson is ready, I'll walk with him towards home;

I want to thank him for some things; 'twas kind cf him to come;

- He's showed a Christian spirit; stood by us firm and true;
- We mightn't have changed our minds, Squire, if he'd been a lawyer, too.
- There! how good the sun looks, and grass and blowin' trees;
- Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze;
- I wasn't bound to state particulars to that man,
- But it's right you should know, parson, about our change of plan.
- We'd been some days a waverin'—a little—Caleb and me,
- And wished the pesky paper at the bottom of the sea;
- But I guess 'twas your call last evenin', and the few words you said,
- That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

- You see when we came to division there was things that wouldn't divide:
- There was our twelve-year old baby,—she wouldn't be satisfied
- To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
- "I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go,
  I'll go."
- Then there was grandsire's Bible;—he died on our wedding-day;
- We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
- The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler upon the wall,
- With the sweet old family names—Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.
- It began to grow hard, then, parson, but it grew harder still,
- Talking of Caleb established down to McHenrysville,

- Three dollars a week 'twould cost him, no mendin' nor sort of care,
- And board at the Widder Meacham's—a woman that wears crimped hair!
- Still we kept on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
- And make a couple of fine shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks.
- And he was to cut a door-way from the kitchen to the shed:
- "Save you climbin' the steps much in frosty weather," he said.
- He brought me the paper at last; I felt a sinkin', and he
- Looked as he did with the agur in the spring of sixty-three;
- 'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was said;
- "Little children, love one another,"—but the thing was killed stone dead.

- And I'd like to make confession; not that I'm goin' to say,
- The fault was all on my part; that never was my way;
- But it may be true that women—though how 'tis I can't see,—
- Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.
- Then parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
- And the church a laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil;
- And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though may be we was wrong,
- If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.
- There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man, as we know,
- But hadn't a gift o' laborin' except with the scythe and hoe,

- Fetched over a load in peach-time, from the Wilbur neighborhood;
- "Season o' prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good!
- I'll tell you about that heifer,—one of the kindest and best,
- That brother Ephraim gave me, the fall he moved out West;
- I'm willin' to own it riled me that Caleb should think and say
- She died of convulsions,—a cow that milked four gallons a day!
- But I needn't have spoke of turnips,—needn't have been so cross,
- And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
- And I'll take it all back, parson, that fire shan't ever break out,
- Though the cow was choked with a turnip—I han't no manner of doubt.

- Then there are the p'ints of doctrine, and views of a futur' state,
- I'm willin' to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
- 'Twon't bring the Millennium sooner—disputin' about when it's due,
- Although I feel an assurance that mine's the scripteral view.
- But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think, don't lie,
- In texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
- But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we are on our knees;
- So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.
- One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim,
- I wish if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with him;

- It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel isn't clear,
- That folks love better in heaven for havin' quarreled here.
- I've no such an expectation. Why, parson, if that is so,
- You needn't work so faithful to reconcile folks below;
- I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square;
- If we can't be peaceable here, we shan't be peaceable there.
- So now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
- And things brought so to a crisis, have made us both more wise,
- Why Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
- We'll love one another better, and try our best to agree.

## FAR-SIGHT.

The mazy stairways of encircling space;

(Almost I faltered on one height sublime,

Looking the dead moon in her phantom face;)

Then up the difficult steeps, till I could see

The golden mornings rolling endlessly

Out of the swollen bosom of the sun.

And yet, I know not how—when all was done,

This orb of ours had never changed its guise,

But I could straightway choose it from the rest;

Ah, in my dream I thought these hungering eyes

Could trace one little landmark on its breast.

One tiny spot to me so dear, so dear—

Whereon a pretty daisy died last year!

## ANNIVERSARY.

## NINE YEARS.

INE years to-night! I see, as then,
The little Floridan lagoon,
The white sands and the Southern moon;
I breathe the odorous airs again.

That eve, our woodland ramble o'er,
Back to the moonlit lake we came;
But one played truant, and his name
We shouted loudly from the shore.

Soon came his answer o'er the tide;
O'ertaken by the early dark,
He failed our straggling steps to mark,
And wandered up the other side.

Its curving line lay low in shade;
His call we heard, but nought could see;
"Here, by the low magnolia tree,—
Come hither with the boat," he said.

So, guided by that welcome hail,
And by the sweet magnolia scent,
Across the lake we, singing, went,
And smote its plates of silver mail,

Till thousand splintering sparks, it seemed,
Upflashing with each lifted oar,
Went jubilant with us to the shore,
And made a twilight where they gleamed.

And when from out the dusky glade
Our truant stole, a welcome ghost—
The curve line of the level coast
We skirted, in the fragrant shade.

Then, bending back the braided vines
That close the narrow outlet kept,
Our boat into the bayou crept;
While idly trolled our fishing lines.

Till past Barrancas' fortress-gloom,

Familiar gables rose in air,

And torches on the landing stair

In waiting hands, gave welcome home.

Nine years! To-night my voice I send
Across a wave more deep and drear;
Thy answer, love, I cannot hear,
Yet wait and listen to the end,—

Sure that across some twilight's gloom,

The welcome hail shall yet be given;

And sweet airs, straying out of Heaven,
Shall guide my bark to thee, and home!

















